

MARVEL

© 1984 MARVEL COMICS GROUP



DAREDEVIL

IN
"THE DEADLIEST NIGHT OF MY LIFE"

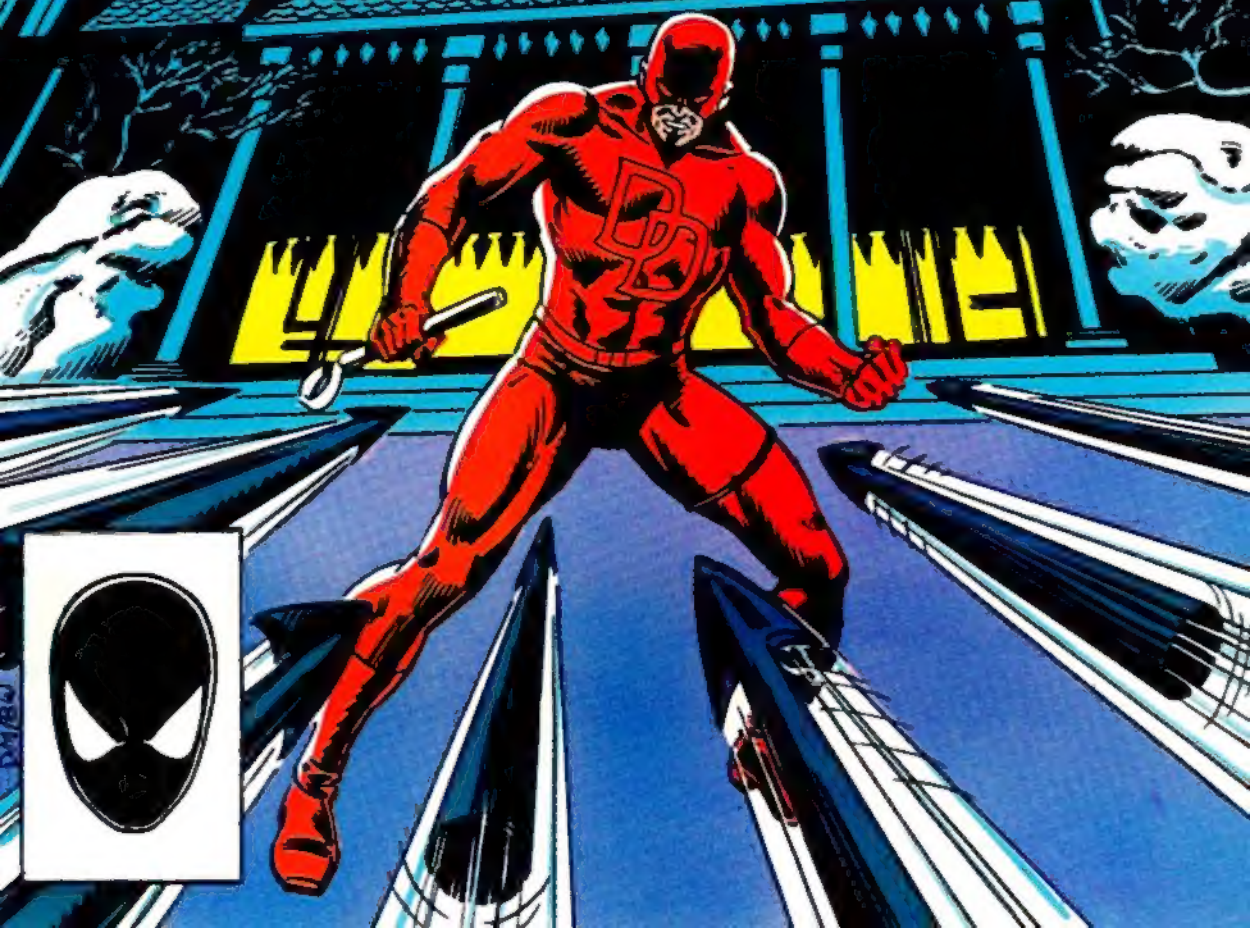
60c

208

U.K. 30p
CAN. 75c

JULY

BY
HARLAN ELLISON
AND
ARTHUR BYRON COVER



Stan Lee PRESENTS: **DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!**

THE DEADLIEST NIGHT OF MY LIFE!

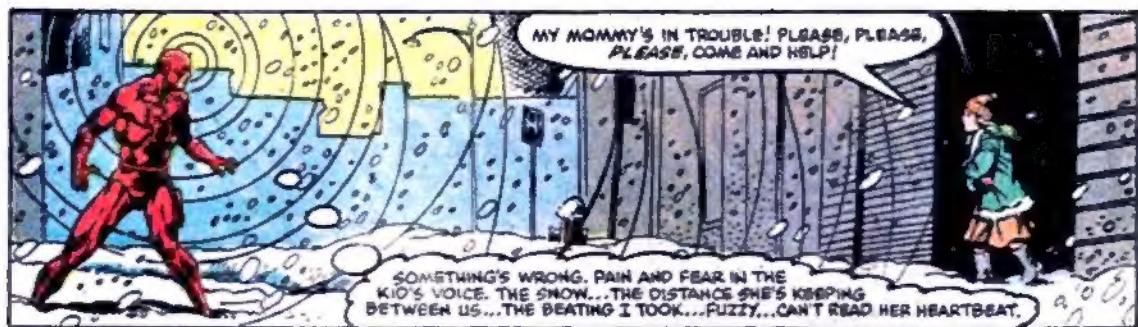
I DROPPED THEM AT BELLEVUE AT 2 A.M. WHEN THEY RECOVER THEY'LL BE INDICTED FOR ARMED ROBBERY AND ASSAULT. BECAUSE IF THE CLERK FROM THE CONVENIENCE STORE IS TOO SCARED TO PRESS CHARGES, I WILL.

THEY PUT UP A LONGER FIGHT THAN I EXPECTED FROM STREET PUNKS. THEY KNOCKED ME AROUND PRETTY GOOD, AND ME WITH AN 8:00 COURT DATE DOWNTOWN IN THE MORNING. ALL I WANT TO DO IS DIVE INTO BED AND SWIM TO THE LAND OF NOD.

MISTER DAREDEVIL?

STORY BY HARLAN ELLISON
PENCILS BY DAVID MAZZUCCHELLI
INKS BY DANNY BULANADI
LETTERING BY JOE ROSEN
COLORS BY CHRISTIE SCHEELS
EDITOR BOB BUDIANSKY
EDITOR IN CHIEF JIM SHOOTER

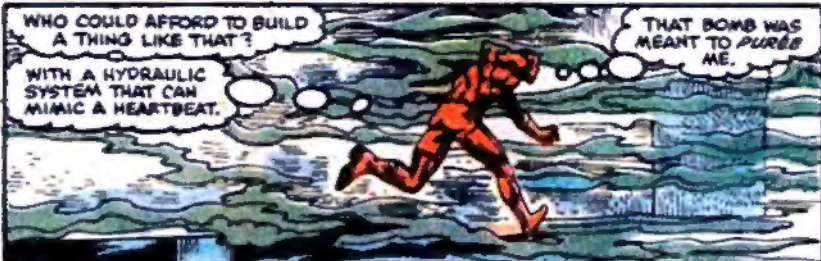
DAREDEVIL • Vol. 1, No. 208, July, 1984 (U.S.P.S. 148-440) Published by MARVEL COMICS GROUP, James E. Galt, President; Stan Lee, Publisher; Michael Holtzman, Vice-President; Publishing: Milton Schiffman, Vice-President; Production: OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, N.Y. AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. Published monthly. Copyright © 1984 by Marvel Comics Group, a division of Cadence Industries Corporation. All rights reserved. Price 60¢ per copy in the U.S. and 75¢ in Canada. Subscription rate \$7.20 for 12 issues. Canada and Foreign, \$9.20. Printed in the U.S.A. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. DAREDEVIL (including all prominent characters featured in the issue), and the distinctive likenesses thereof, are trademarks of the MARVEL COMICS GROUP. POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO DAREDEVIL, 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, 10TH FLOOR, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016.



WHAT'S
GOING
ON, KID?



FOR THE FIRST TIME I'M
CLOSE ENOUGH TO HEAR
HER HEARTBEAT.



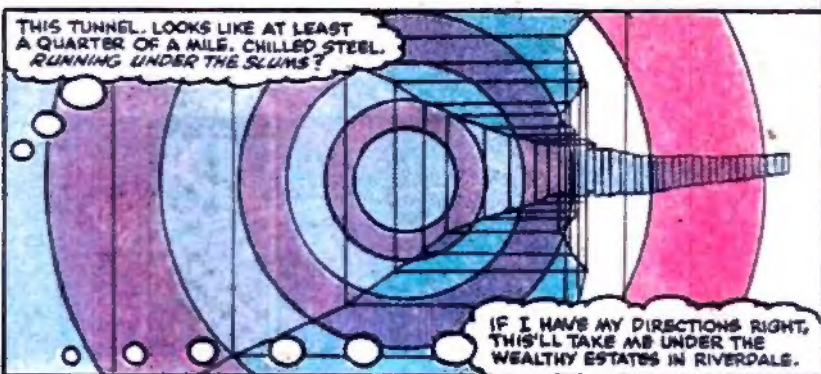
WHO COULD AFFORD TO BUILD
A THING LIKE THAT?

WITH A HYDRAULIC
SYSTEM THAT CAN
MIMIC A HEARTBEAT.

THAT BOMB WAS
MEANT TO PURGE
ME.



WHAT HAVE I
GOTTEN MYSELF
INTO?

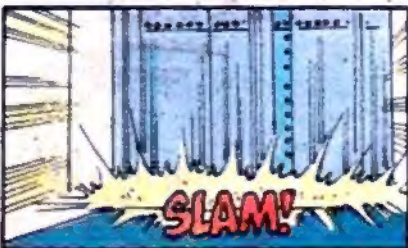
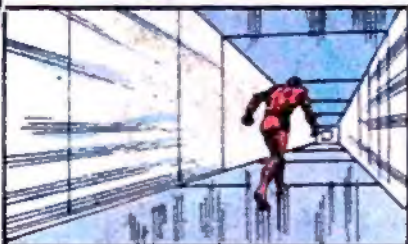


THIS TUNNEL... LOOKS LIKE AT LEAST
A QUARTER OF A MILE. CHILLED STEEL.
RUNNING UNDER THE SLUMS?

IF I HAVE MY DIRECTIONS RIGHT,
THIS'LL TAKE ME UNDER THE
WEALTHY ESTATES IN RIVERDALE.



SLAM!



SOMEBODY'S SCRAMBLING
MY BRAINS AND FRYING
THEM FOR BREAKFAST.

RADAR SENSE COMPLETELY
WONKY. THAT DART MUST'VE
BEEN COATED WITH SOME
KIND OF HALLUCINOGEN.

CAN'T GET
MY BEARINGS.

OH NO...IS THIS
A TUNNEL...OR...
OH...IT'S THE
BARREL OF A...

CAN'T
STAND THIS
HEAT...

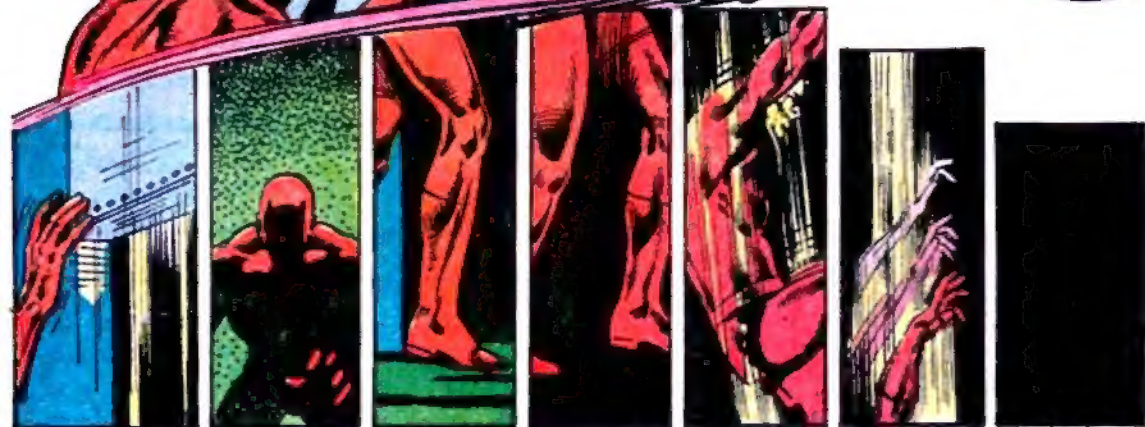
PAIN IN MY
HEAD...

WEAK.

SOCKETS WHERE MY EYES
USED TO BE...BURNING...

CAN'T TELL IF TUNNEL'S CLIMBING
OR DROPPING...AM I ABOVEGROUND
OR UNDER...

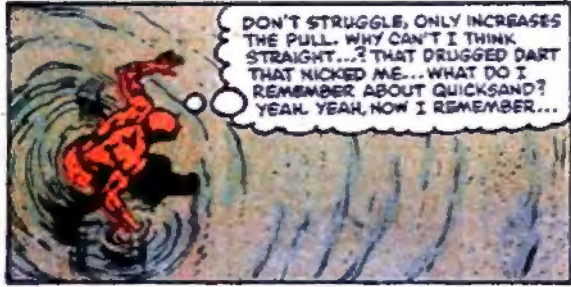
COLD... SO
COLD...



"...I'LL BREAK
MY NECK WHEN
I HIT!"



QUICKSAND?! GOT A
PULL LIKE A BLACK
HOLE. BILLY-CLUB?
NO WAY!



DON'T STRUGGLE, ONLY INCREASES
THE PULL. WHY CAN'T I THINK
STRAIGHT...? THAT DRUGGED DART
THAT KICKED ME...WHAT DO I
REMEMBER ABOUT QUICKSAND?
YEAH, YEAH, NOW I REMEMBER...



LIE OUT AS FAR AS I CAN ON THE
SURFACE. SWIM OUT OF IT.



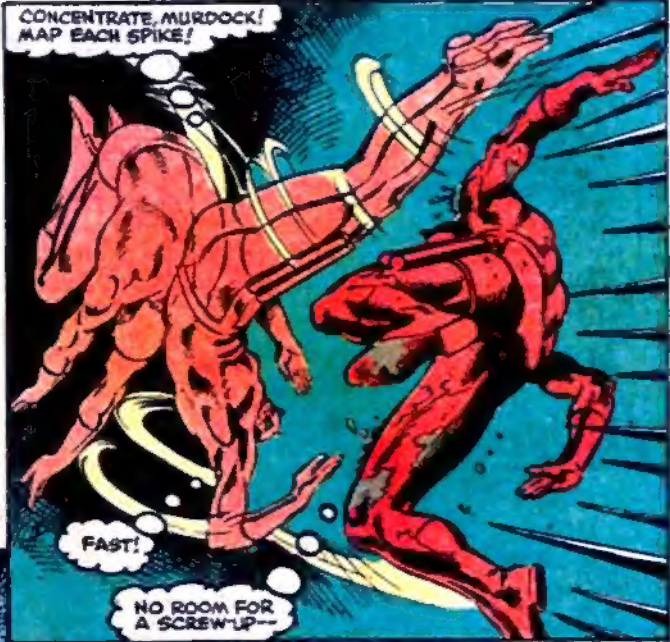
WHO? WHO? WHO?
KINGPIN?
EXHAUSTED.
A MINUTE...
JUST REST A
MINUTE...

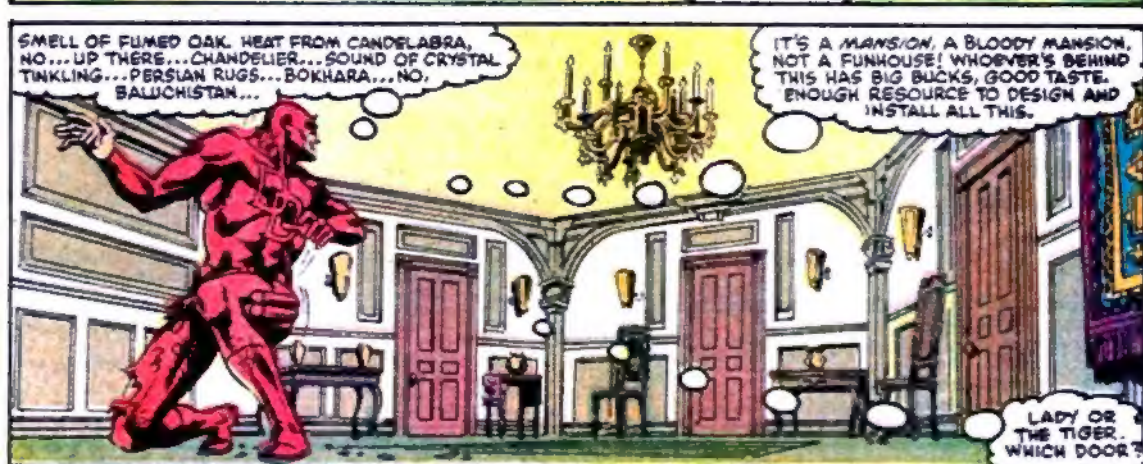
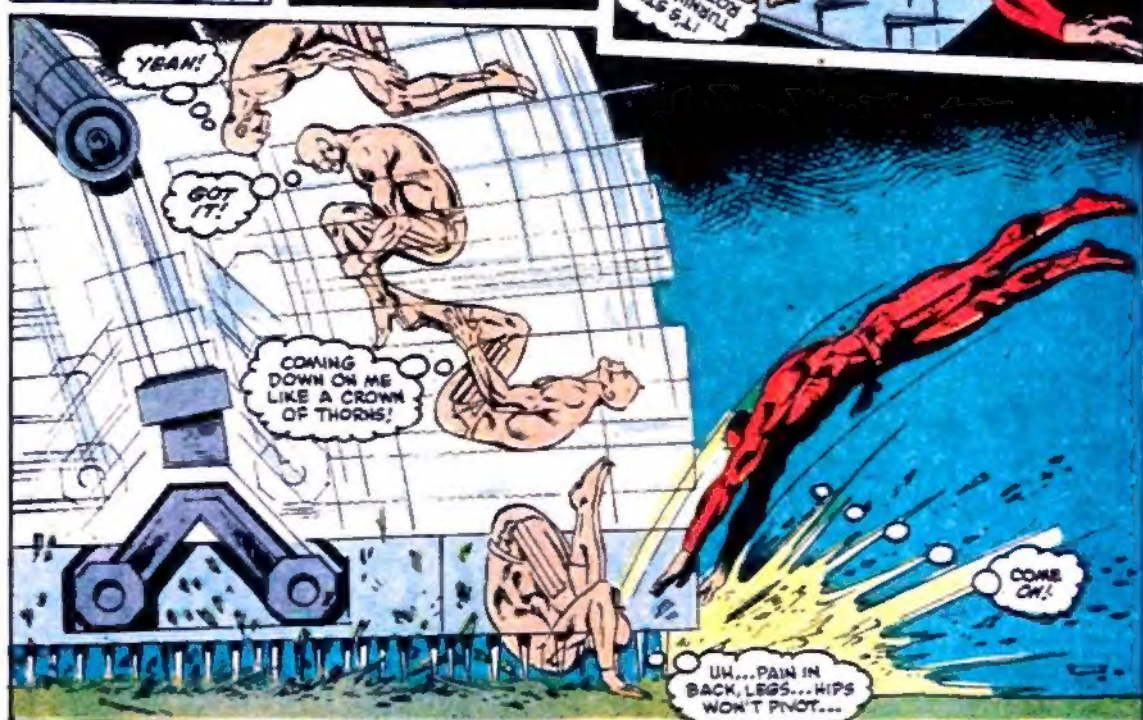
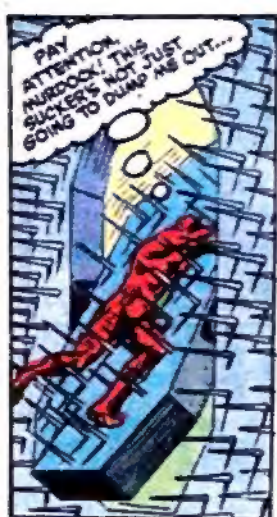


OH...
OH NO...



WHSHHHHH








THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM. LET'S SEE IF YOU PLAY FAIR, MINE HOST.





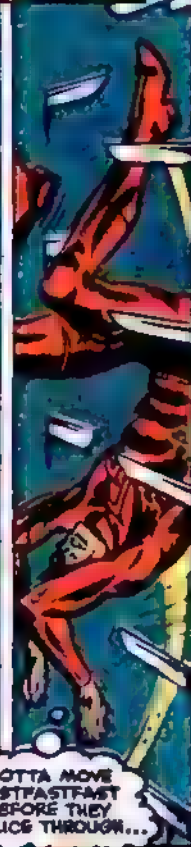
SOUND OF
HYDRAULICS
AGAIN.

OOOCH!
SHARP!
MUSTN'T
TOUCH!

BILLY-CLUB
NO GOOD.
NO DOORS.
NO WINDOWS.

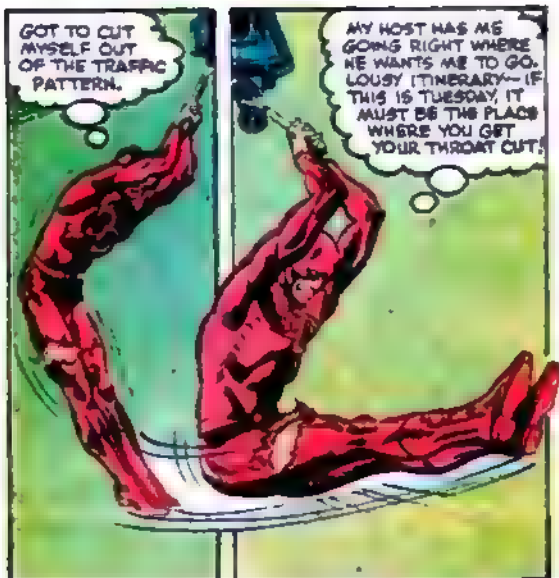
OKAY,
LOGICAL
ANSWER: CAN'T
GO OUT--MUST
GO UP!

MITTENS,
DON'T FAIL
ME NOW!



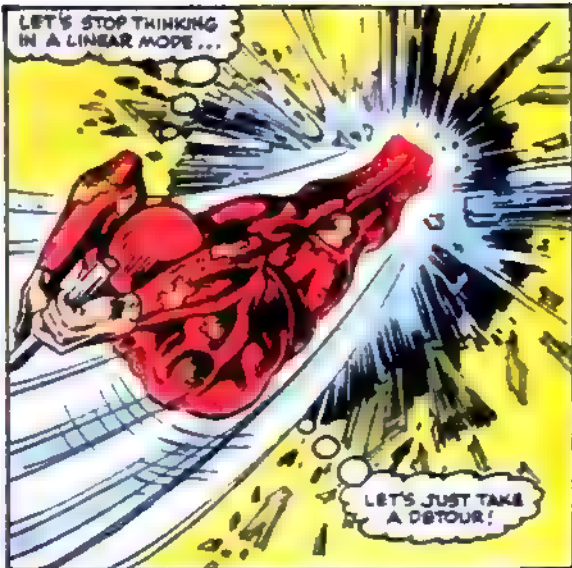
GOTTA MOVE
FASTFASTFAST
BEFORE THEY
SLICE THROUGH...





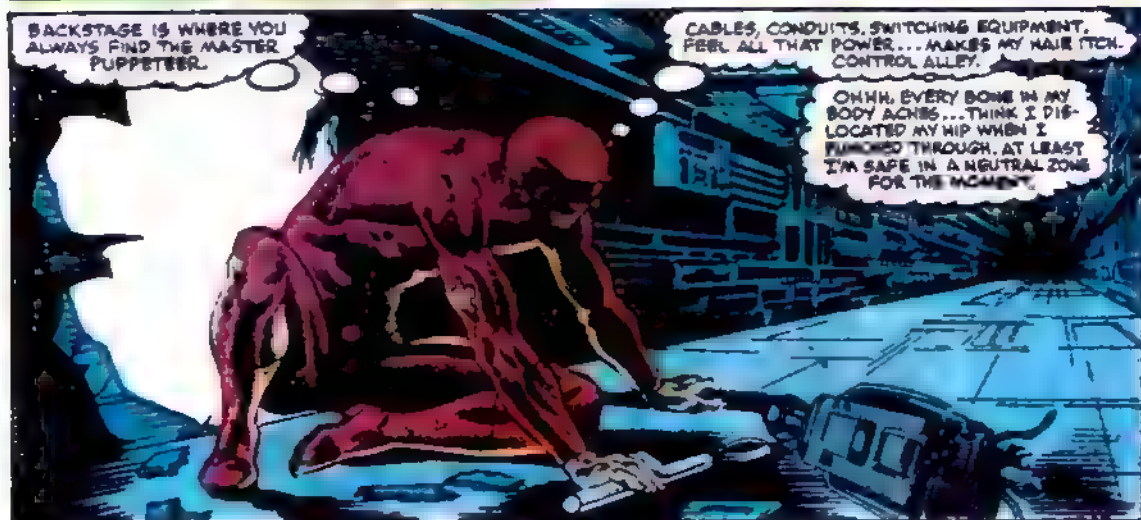
GOT TO CUT MYSELF OUT OF THE TRAFFIC PATTERN.

MY HOST HAS ME GOING RIGHT WHERE HE WANTS ME TO GO. LOUSY ITINERARY--IF THIS IS TUESDAY, IT MUST BE THE PLACE WHERE YOU GET YOUR THROAT CUT!



LET'S STOP THINKING IN A LINEAR MODE...

LET'S JUST TAKE A DETOUR!



BACKSTAGE IS WHERE YOU ALWAYS FIND THE MASTER PUPPETEER.

CABLES, CONDUITS, SWITCHING EQUIPMENT. FEEL ALL THAT POWER... MAKES MY HAIR ITCH. CONTROL ALLEY.

OWHH, EVERY BONE IN MY BODY ACHES...THINK I DISLOCATED MY HIP WHEN I FUMLED THROUGH. AT LEAST I'M SAFE IN A NEUTRAL ZONE FOR THE MOMENT.

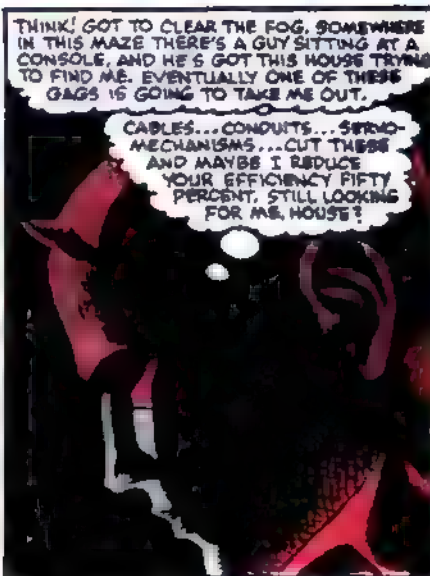


UH...THE CAMERA...STILL WORKING?

I SAID: NO PICTURES!



POWER IN THESE LINES, HUMMING, PULSING. HOUSE IS TALKING TO ITSELF. SAYIN' WHAT BABY?



THINK! GOT TO CLEAR THE FOG, SOMEWHERE IN THIS MAZE THERE'S A GUY SITTING AT A CONSOLE, AND HE'S GOT THIS HOUSE TRYING TO FIND ME. EVENTUALLY ONE OF THESE GAGS IS GOING TO TAKE ME OUT.

CABLES...CONDUITS...SERVO-MECHANISMS...CUT THESE AND MAYBE I REDUCE YOUR EFFICIENCY FIFTY PERCENT. STILL LOOKING FOR ME, HOUSE?

SNIFF, SNIFF, BURNT ALMONDS. GOT YOU MAD, DID I, BABY? SENDING CYANIDE AFTER ME?

SEE YOU AROUND!

GOTCHA! GO ON AND SCREAM YOU SONOVA---

SREEESP... EESREE

YOWWW THE RAIN!

CAN'T TELL IF I'M HEADING TOWARD AN OUTER WALL OR DEEPER INTO THE MANSION...

WHA... WHAT'S COMING?

WNA...
WHAT'S
COMING?



00000!

HOLY...!

I DIDN'T EVEN BEGIN TO SUSPECT! IT'S ENORMOUS... AT LEAST TWO AND A HALF ACRES... UP HERE IN RIVERDALE, THIS IS OLD MONEY... SOME CRAZY PATCHWORK MANSION...

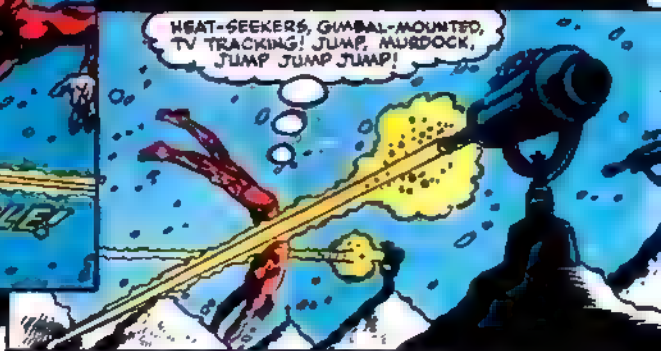
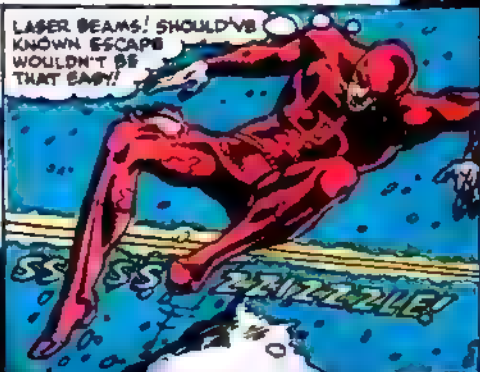
THAT MUST BE SPUYTEN DUYVIL CREEK OVER THERE... THE NORTH BRONX IN THAT DIRECTION... YONKERS OVER THIS WAY...

SHOULD I TRY TO SOLVE THIS THING OR JUST GET OUT OF HERE?

UH-OH!

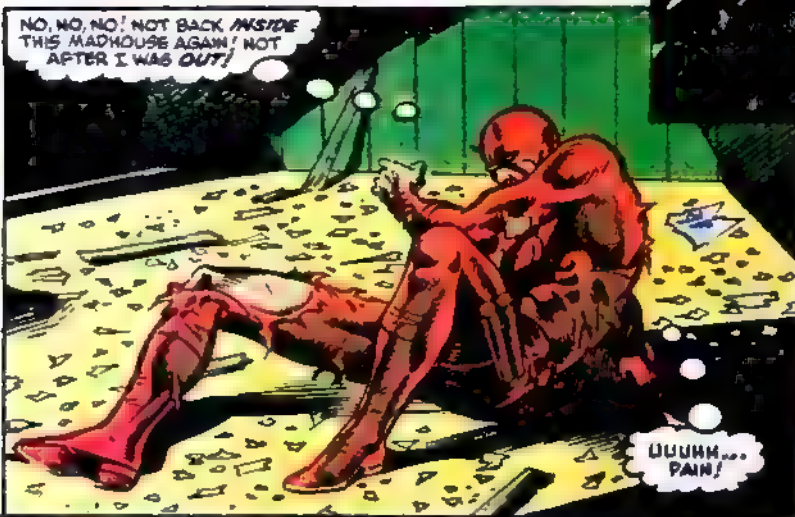
LASER BEAMS! SHOULD'VE KNOWN ESCAPE WOULDN'T BE THAT EASY!

HEAT-SEEKERS, GIMBAL-MOUNTED, TV TRACKING! JUMP, MURDOCK, JUMP JUMP JUMP!





UNNAH! TWISTED ANKLE!

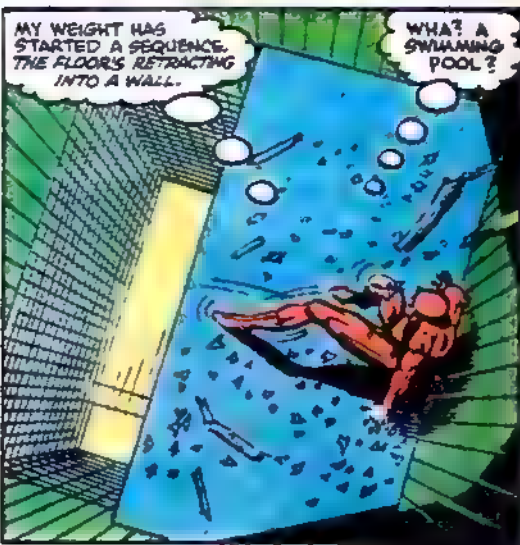


NO, NO, NO! NOT BACK INSIDE THIS MADHOUSE AGAIN! NOT AFTER I WAS OUT!

UUUHH... PAIN!

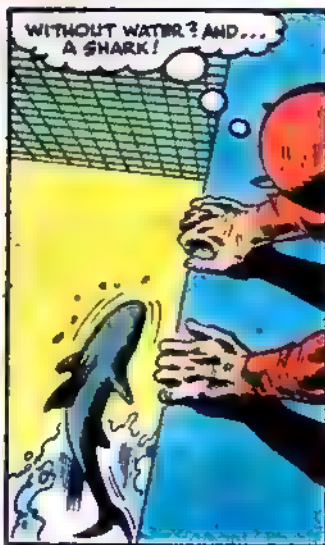


SENSORS UNDER THE FLOOR... IT KNOWS I'M HERE!



MY WEIGHT HAS STARTED A SEQUENCE. THE FLOOR'S RETRACTING INTO A WALL.

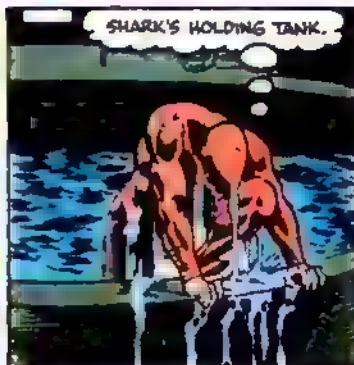
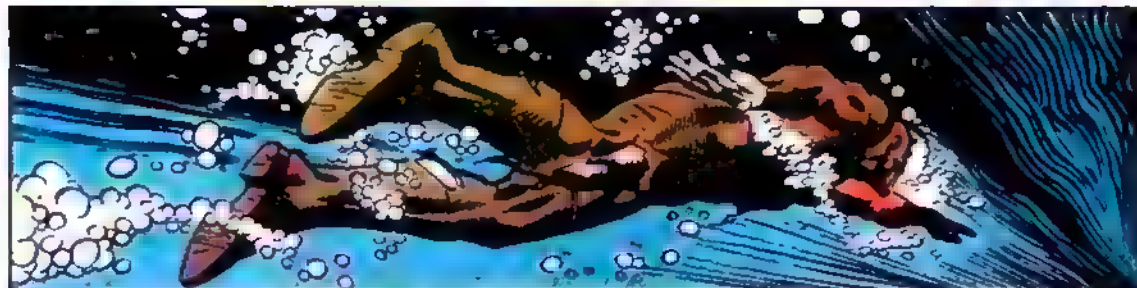
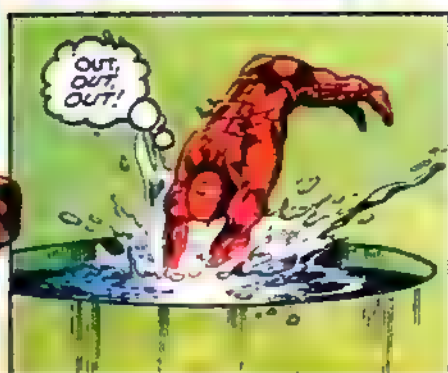
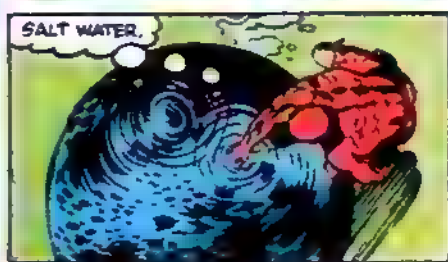
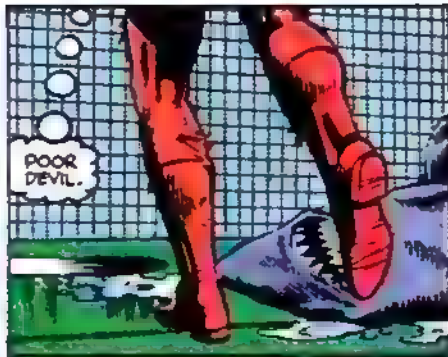
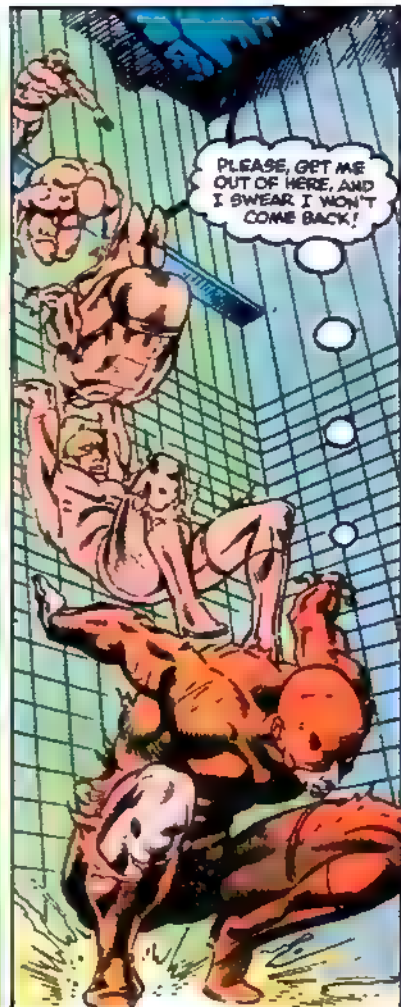
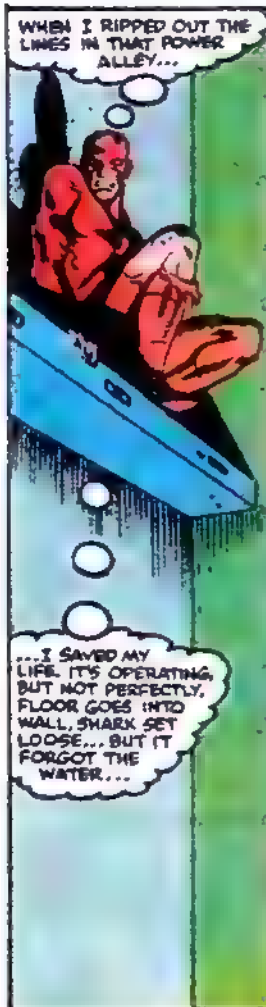
WHA? A SWIMMING POOL?



WITHOUT WATER? AND... A SHARK!



IT'S DYING!



MORE GAS... FEAR... WHAT
CRIPPLES US...

"SUFFOCATION..."

"BURNED
ALIVE..."

"DEATH OF A...
LOVED ONE...
OH NO, NO..."

"FALLING...
I'M FALLING..."

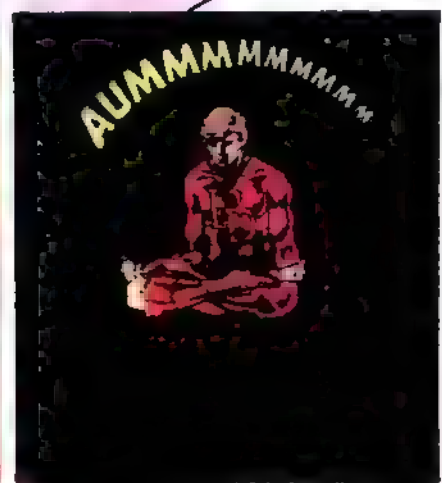
"RIDICULE
...A FOOL
...A FOOL..."

"AMPUTATION
...CRAWL..."

THIS IS
HOW THEY BROKE
WINSTON SMITH
IN "1984"... ROOM 101
... HUMAN FEAR...

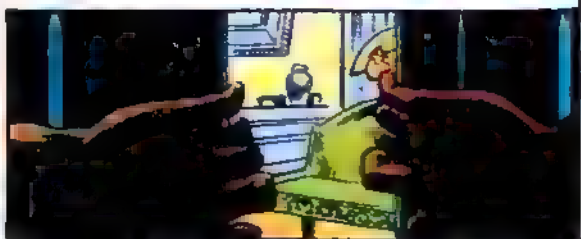
"STICK... I DIDN'T
FORGET..."

AUMMMMMMMMM



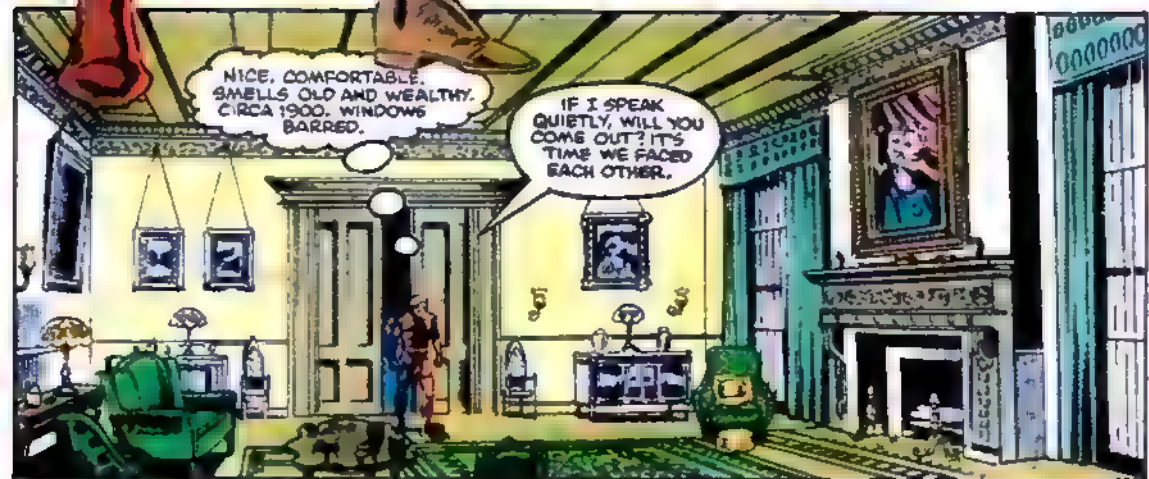
IF I GO OUT,
IT'LL BE ON
MY FEET, NOT
ON MY KNEES!

COME AND
GET ME,
MASTERMIND
--I'M READY
FOR YOU
NOW!



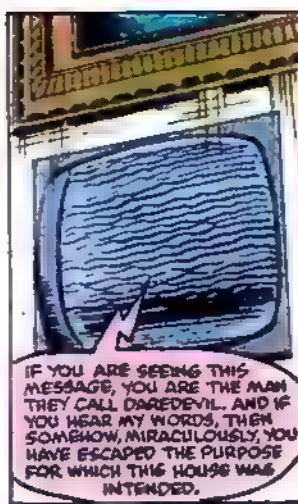
NICE, COMFORTABLE.
SMELLS OLD AND WEALTHY.
CIRCA 1900. WINDOWS
BARRED.

IF I SPEAK
QUIETLY, WILL YOU
COME OUT? IT'S
TIME WE FACED
EACH OTHER.





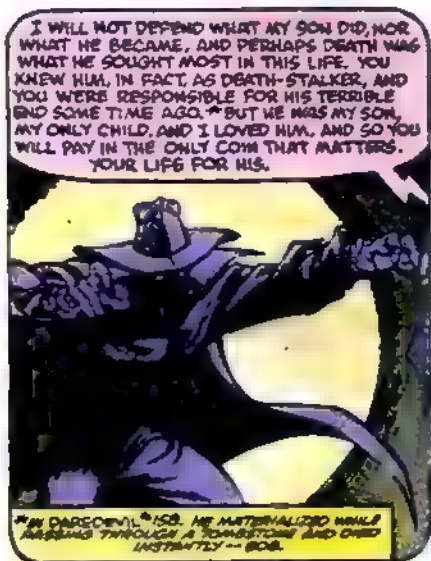
THAT OIL
PORTRAIT
OF THE OLD
WOMAN...
WHA...?



IF YOU ARE SEEING THIS
MESSAGE, YOU ARE THE MAN
THEY CALL DAREDEVIL. AND IF
YOU HEAR MY WORDS, THEN
SOMEHOW, MIRACULOUSLY, YOU
HAVE ESCAPED THE PURPOSE
FOR WHICH THIS HOUSE WAS
INTENDED.



MY NAME IS ELIZABETH DAWES STERLING. BUT FOR
MY SON, PHILIP WALLACE STERLING, I AM THE LAST
OF OUR LINE. IF YOU ARE HEARING THESE WORDS
AND SEEING MY IMAGE, IT WILL MEAN I AM DEAD.
AS DEAD AS THE SON I HOPED WOULD CARRY ON
OUR NAME, BUT HE IS DEAD... KILLED BY YOU.

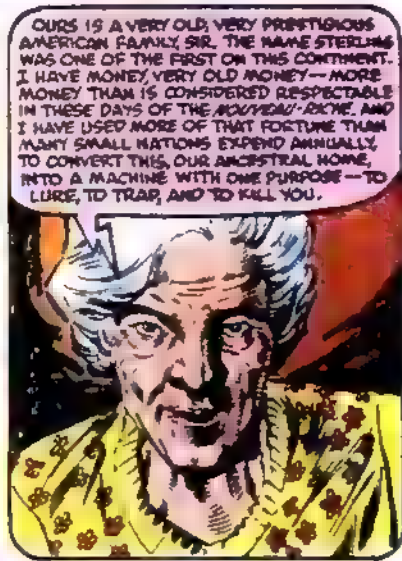


I WILL NOT DEFEND WHAT MY SON DID, NOR
WHAT HE BECAME, AND PERHAPS DEATH WAS
WHAT HE SOUGHT MOST IN THIS LIFE. YOU
KNEW HIM, IN FACT, AS DEATH-STALKER, AND
YOU WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS TERRIBLE
END SOME TIME AGO. * BUT HE WAS MY SON,
MY ONLY CHILD, AND I LOVED HIM. AND SO YOU
WILL PAY IN THE ONLY COIN THAT MATTERS.
YOUR LIFE FOR HIS.

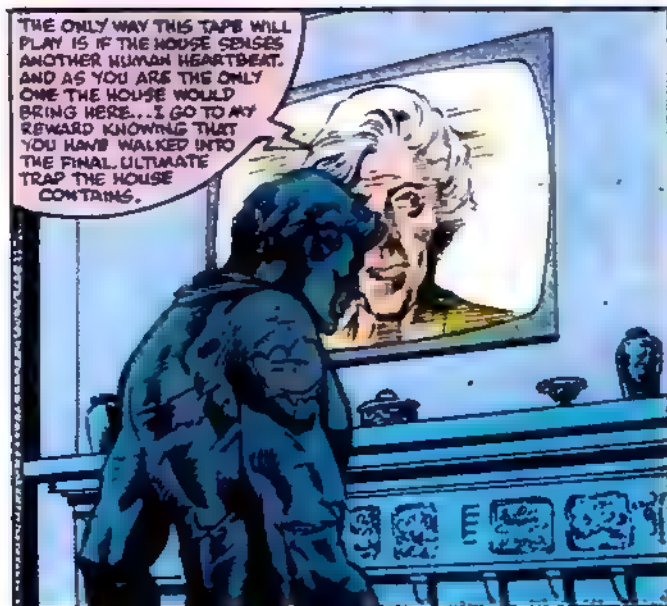
* IN DAREDEVIL #153, HE MATERIALIZED WHILE
HARBORING THROUGH A "SMOKING" AND DIED
INSTANTLY -- BOB.



YOU CAN'T HEAR ME, BUT
LET IT GO. HE'S DEAD.
LET IT GO.



OURS IS A VERY OLD, VERY PRESTIGIOUS
AMERICAN FAMILY, SIR. THE NAME STERLING
WAS ONE OF THE FIRST ON THIS CONTINENT.
I HAVE MONEY, VERY OLD MONEY -- MORE
MONEY THAN IS CONSIDERED RESPECTABLE
IN THESE DAYS OF THE NOUVEAU-RICHE. AND
I HAVE USED MORE OF THAT FORTUNE THAN
MANY SMALL NATIONS EXPEND ANNUALLY
TO CONVERT THIS, OUR ANCESTRAL HOME,
INTO A MACHINE WITH ONE PURPOSE -- TO
LURE, TO TRAP, AND TO KILL YOU.



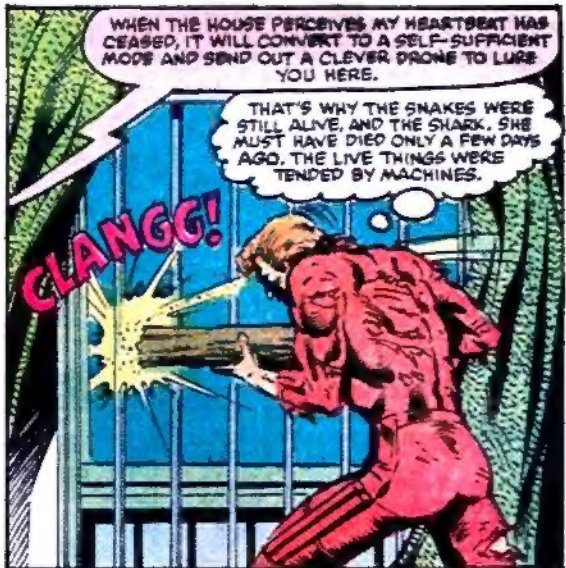
THE ONLY WAY THIS TAPE WILL
PLAY IS IF THE HOUSE SENSES
ANOTHER HUMAN HEARTBEAT.
AND AS YOU ARE THE ONLY
ONE THE HOUSE WOULD
BRING HERE... I GO TO MY
REWARD KNOWING THAT
YOU HAVE WALKED INTO
THE FINAL, ULTIMATE
TRAP THE HOUSE
CONTAINS.



I'M A FOOL... I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN... THE END
OF THE TAPE WILL ACTIVATE A FINAL DEVICE...
I'M IN A RACE WITH HER LAST WORDS...
KEEP TALKING, LADY!



AS I LIE HERE DYING, THE LABORS OF FIVE YEARS COME TO A CONCLUSION. THE ORIGINAL PLANS FOR THIS AUTOMATED MECHANISM, THIS HOUSE, WERE BASED ON THE CONCEPT OF "TELEPRESENCE" DEvised BY PROFESSOR MARVIN MINSKY OF THE ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE LABORATORY AT M.I.T.



WHEN THE HOUSE PERCEIVES MY HEARTBEAT HAS CEASED, IT WILL CONVERT TO A SELF-SUFFICIENT MODE AND SEND OUT A CLEVER PRONE TO LURE YOU HERE.

THAT'S WHY THE SNAKES WERE STILL ALIVE, AND THE SHARK. SHE MUST HAVE DIED ONLY A FEW DAYS AGO. THE LIVE THINGS WERE TENDED BY MACHINES.



WHAT I DO AS MY LAST ACT ON EARTH IS NOT COMMENDABLE...



BUT THERE MUST BE BALANCE IN THE WORLD...

COLD AIR!



...AND SO NOW...



...YOU WILL BE AS ONE WITH MY SON, WHOM YOU TOOK FROM ME.

UP MURDOCK! UP! TWO FLOORS THREE! UP...CRAWL! CRAWL!



SPARK ARRESTER SCREEN.



BREAK! C'MON, SUCKER, BREAK!



BREAK! BREAK! BREAK!





